

## Two Books In Verse. New Works of Er- nest McGaffey and William Watson.

An American poet whose work is worth reading has been found in Ernest McGaffey. His poems have virility and melody. They show both a natural gift of eloquence and literary cultivation.

One of the most refreshing things about Mr. McGaffey is his love of outdoor nature. But he is inclined to fall asleep, probably because he is young. He might remember that woman is also part of nature. The following is an instance of the inclination spoken of:

I FEAR NO POWER A WOMAN WIELDS.  
I fear no power a woman wields,  
While I can have the woods and fields,  
With comradeship alone of sun,  
Gray marsh wastes and the burning sun,  
For aye the heart's most poignant pain  
Will wear away a death here and rain,  
And risk of winds through branches bare,  
With something still to do and dare.

The lovely watch beside the shore,  
The wild fowl's cry, the sweep of oar,  
And paths of virgin sky to scan,  
Untried, and so unscured by man.

Gracery, for thy haunting face,  
Thy charm of voice and lissine grace,  
I fear no power a woman wields,  
While I can have the woods and fields.

Here are some further good examples of Mr. McGaffey's work:

FLIGHT.  
A hickory tree in the valley grew:  
The sun and the sun and the Spring  
And shrill-voiced winds from the north-  
ward blew,  
And the dew in the night-time fell  
around it.

Deep into the earth its fibres crept,  
And pierced the flint in the depths down  
under,  
Till the lightning out from the cloud-ways  
leapt,  
And the hickory fell, and was split  
apart.

And there by its side the shadowy marsh,  
A crane's nest held by the curving river,  
Where the tall grass mingled, coarse and  
harsh,  
With the red-beds broad and the sedge  
aquiver.

And the tree and the egg and the stone  
lay there,  
And shreds and shards at the dim earth's  
portal,  
As common things that could never dare  
The higher realm of the fair immortal.

But an Indian wrenched from the tree a  
shaft,  
And struck a flint from the rock-ribbed  
ledges,  
And a crane's quill picked from a tangled  
tangle,  
Of reeds and weeds by the brown marsh  
edges.

And the arrow sped from his twanging  
bow,  
Till the lone blue vault of the sky was  
dived,  
Which was humblest here below,  
Now at the last was the nearest heaven.

A DANCER.  
In the lamplight's glare she stood—  
The dancer, the dancer—  
With glittering and grains strewed;  
And a rapid, rhythmic tune  
From the strings of a mandolin  
Leaped up through the air in viewless  
flight and passed into a strident din.

Her eyes like a fawn's were dark,  
But her hair was black at night,  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright,  
With around her figure slight  
Clung a web of lace she wore,  
In swirling line of unhidden grace  
As she passed on the sandied floor.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

To the right she swayed—to the left—  
Then swung in a circle round,  
Fast weaving a changing veft,  
To the changing music's sound,  
Her hair as the wind blew  
That falls and dips with the threshold  
adorn on a windy scene.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

Then the clashing music sprang  
From the frets of the mandolin,  
While the shadowy arches rang  
With insistent echoes thin;  
And there, as the spiders spin  
Dim threads in a ring complete,  
A labyrinth with her wove with  
the touch of her flying feet.

And wilder the music fell  
Sweep on its jarring sound,  
Advanced and retired and fell  
By uttering notes groined;  
And the lights whirled round and round,  
With her three grace and passionate face  
And a diamond's bluish spark  
From its masses darted bright.

## Rochefort's Story of His Eventful Life. The Famous Frenchman's Memoirs Reveal Startling Historical Facts of Old Monarchical Days and the Last Emperor's Fall.

Henri Rochefort, unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of modern times, commenced a short time ago to publish his memoirs in a Paris newspaper under the title "The Adventures of My Life." The first part of his reminiscences has just been issued in book form.

Few men are better equipped to write a stirring account of contemporary history, and particularly French history, than Henri Rochefort. He has known personally every man and woman of note of our time, and has been connected in some way with every important event. He has been everything a man can be—clerk, reporter, dramatist, novelist, soldier, convict, deputy and one of the leaders of the bloody Commune which attempted to destroy Paris after the fall of the empire. It was Rochefort's brilliant periodical "La Lanterne," which hastened the fall of Napoleon III. He has been an inmate of nearly every prison in France. He has been sentenced to death and exiled from his country three times. When the popularity of Boulanger was at its height Rochefort's paper, L'Intransigent, was the official organ of the ambitious general.

Rochefort's reminiscences begin when he was a child eight years old. Although allied to very prominent families, Rochefort's father was very poor, all the immense property that his father, the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucy, possessed having been the prey of the revolutionists. The grandfather took refuge at Coblenz with all the rest of the emigrant nobles, but being more frightened than the others, he sold his property in France before it was confiscated by the republic, and as he was a great spendthrift, there was naturally nothing left when he came back to France in 1815.

Rochefort's grandmother did not follow her husband to Coblenz, but lay hidden in Paris, always hoping that "the troubles would soon end," but the 10th of August and the arrest of Louis XVI. were the last blows to the hopes of the royalists. Toward the end of 1792 Rochefort's grandmother was arrested and sent to the clergy, where a little later she was joined by Mme. du Barry, the notorious mistress of Louis XVI.

Concerning the woman Rochefort says: "At a few days before the execution, the du Barry woman was still receiving from the State a pension of 10,000 livres, which Louis XVI. had granted her. She was arrested not, as has been said, owing to a trap laid by the negro Zamore, but for having stupidly attracted attention to herself by unreasonable and incessant demands on the treasury, which, at the time of her power, she had completely exhausted. On entering the prison she seemed to forget all the aristocratic manners which she had acquired in associating with persons of quality. The common woman of the street reappeared completely as soon as she found herself between the four walls of the prison, in which, perhaps, she had been often put in her youth. "My grandmother said how surprised she was at the coarseness, gross ignorance and stupidity of this woman, who had filled France and Europe with her name and her reputation for beauty. She told my grandmother that a large casket containing, among other precious jewels, a portrait in miniature of Marie Antoinette, magnificently set in diamonds, which the queen had presented to her, was buried in the Parc de Louveciennes, where it presumably is to-day."

OLD HISTORY THAT IS NEW.  
Rochefort's grandparent also throws quite a new light on the execution of Marie Antoinette. The historians have told us that the Queen went proudly to the scaffold, and that she died with a noble air, but Rochefort says that the executioner, having accidentally trodden on his foot, this, according to Mme. de Rochefort, was an eye-witness, is the purest fiction.

"My grandmother has often told us," writes Rochefort, "that the crowd around the scaffold was extremely noisy, and that the Queen, who was almost in a fainting condition, was bent almost double. I remember, however, that the executioner, when he was about to cut off the head, which she held motionless, immediately after the execution, a young man climbed up the staircase of the guillotine, and immediately hid in his bosom. He disappeared before anybody thought of stopping him to ask him whether he was an enthusiast. It is the struggle of the weak against the strong, or of an oppressed people against its despots. So Rochefort says, and he is right. This is the story of the execution of Louis XVI. when one fine night in May, 1800, the news came to Paris that Garibaldi at the head of 1,000 men had raised the standard of revolt in Sicily."

During the siege of Paris, Rochefort and a few other members of the Government were kept in the Bastille, and he kept the masterpieces of the Louvre from falling into the hands of the Germans. He was very friendly with the Marquis de La Fayette, who, at the court of Louis XVI. was called the handsome D'Autichamp, Marie Antoinette took special notice of him when the terrible scandal came to light which suddenly revealed the Queen of France accepting money from a cardinal.

"It is difficult to conceive," says Rochefort, "yet it is absolutely true, that when the Queen could not persuade her husband, Louis XVI. to buy her the necklace, she went to the Cardinal de Rohan, who was of being unable to live without an income of two million francs a year, and of possessing charms which no woman could resist."

Rochefort's father, during the Restoration, became Governor of one of the French colonies, and in this position he naturally came in contact with some of the officers who had been stationed at St. Helena during the time of Napoleon's imprisonment.

"Napoleon, my father used to tell me," says Rochefort, "was by no means the heroic and impassive Juggernaut, who, captivated by the Romans, died of hunger without uttering a complaint. The Corsican passed from the most haughty demands to the most abject supplications. He was very fond of St. Helena, was stupefied on receiving from Napoleon a letter of condolence which he desired to be sent to Louis XVIII. when he died. He was a man, who had assassinated the Duc d'Enghien, the King's cousin, and who expressed to the King indignation and sorrow at the execution of another nephew, could hardly inspire his enemies with anything but dislike. And this dislike was accentuated when the Emperor Napoleon sent his congratulations on the happy event which assured henceforth the throne to the Bourbon dynasty."

It is possible that the acts of abject politeness toward the Emperor of the French, which he had only been chosen as a temporary figure of exile and that before long they would permit him to choose between several places, either in Europe or in America."

SAPOLEON'S BAD TASTE.  
Concerning the marriage of Napoleon III. to Eugenie, the journalist says: "In France where habit becomes a second or even first nature, people imagine that the Empress is a creature of incredulity with which the rumors of the marriage with Mlle. de Montijo, who was totally lacking in distinction, were received, and the indignation and stupefaction when the news was officially confirmed. Napoleon had also the bad taste to insert this phrase in his autobiographical narrative: 'I am about to marry a woman whom I love and whom I respect.'"

But such a man could never be cynical enough to confess that he was about to marry a woman he didn't respect. It was when he was directly facing the death of Sergeant Boston Corbett he was in a burning barn attached to the Garrett farm-house in the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before the shot was fired was Jack Garrett, a young son of the owner of the place. When the soldiers arrived in the night, with their bayoneted rifles, the crack of the burning barn. Mr. Garrett is now living near his old home, and he has just written the story of the last moments of the man who talked to him before